

EAGLE

AND Boys' World

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EVERY WEDNESDAY 6d.

DAN DARE

Pilot of the Future

in THE MOONSLEEPERS

After in a capsule, started, his mind and body wreathed with space sickness, now almost too feeble to move, Sir Robert Grant was searching the end of a month's long journey from Titlow to Earth. His hand groped for the emergency control...



THAT IS THE INTERNATIONAL SPACE DISTRESS SIGNAL.

THE COLOURED FLARE OF 1957 HAD REGISTERED ON SPACEFLIGHT CONTROL'S DELICATE INSTRUMENTS. NOW HE HAD LEARNED ABOUT THE SPACE TRAVELLER WHOSE DESTRUCTION HAD ALMOST BEEN ORDERED.

HOLD ANTI-MISSILES!

POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION AS THEIR CAPSULE?

COLLECT MISSILES TO BE EXTENDED OBSERVATION ORBIT.

TRAVELLING A SPACE TWO PART, THE CAPSULE ALIGNED INTO THE STATIONING. ITS HIGH-ALTITUDE PARACHUTE STRAPPED.

THE LOW-LEVEL 'CHUTE HELD ITS ALIVE OF DESCENT, BUT THE CAPSULE'S DIRECTION CONTROL WAS SOBBY.



INCHES IS IN THAT THING WILL BE KILLED?

Kate Ward

CONTINUED ON BACK PAGE

THE PRIZEFIGHTERS

No. 21

At Rome in 1960, a young Nigerian became an Olympic Gold Medalist. He was so proud of it that he wore it all the time - even in his shower! Cassius M. Clay had started his journey in the top



He turned professional and attracted tremendous publicity by nominating (and winning) the round in which his opponents would 'bite the dust'. In June, 1963, he said he would beat Henry Cooper in five, but, a round earlier, it was Clay who was 'bored'!



The bell saved Clay and, in the next round, he attacked Cooper so savagely that the referee stopped the fight. Clay was the greatest or very nearly.



To be 'king', he had first to beat World Champ Sonny Liston. The ugly hour will tell in spite," predicted Clay at the weigh-in at Miami Beach on February 25, 1964.



Clay amazed the boxing world by easily beating the 'invincible' Liston. But, for once, Clay's prediction failed to come to pass. Liston retired at the end of Round 4! Maybe the 'ugly hour' will get his revenge in their return fight on 25th May!

THE END

Puzzle Parade

MARTIAN TRIANGLES

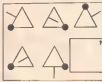
TEAR-AWAY BERT



How many different triangles - most of which overlap each other - can you find in the symbol on the Martian's forehead?

INTELLIGENCE TEST

Draw the final diagram of this series in the space provided.



Bert and Fred are ants crawling up a corned beef. Suddenly, Bert runs away. Later, Fred asks Bert what made him run. "Didn't you read what I said on the bee?" asks Bert. "PLEASE TEAR ALONG THE DOTTED LINE!" Look at the continuous arrangement of dotted lines in the diagram. How many inches must Bert run along the lines, to 'tear round' the figure twice?



ANSWERS ON PAGE 17

ACROSS

1. Game played with a truck (3, 8)
2. Custom in U.S. with TROOP (2)
3. Foreign coin (5)
4. Two don't laugh when you are... (10)
5. A Great (4)
6. The first number visited (4)
7. Name containing 100 (4)
8. Fifty percent of a mile (2)
9. Self on fly (2)
10. Tell tales to school (4)
11. Antelope's horn (3)
12. Pluck always a draw! (3)
13. Consequence of the battle (2)
14. Plot - means not to the least (3, 3)
15. Power used by others (4-5)

DOWN

1. Person (2)
2. Powered engine with seat (4)
3. Steamboat (4)
4. Picture on card (3)
5. TV western (2)
6. Characteristic of 'Stranger on the Shore' (3, 4)
7. 'Shut for' (Longman) Solution (7)
8. No club - is a chess club (7)
9. Old proverb (3)
10. Good definition for the amount (3)
11. He knows (2)
12. Power - is (2)
13. TV series with Ed James (4)



WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT...?

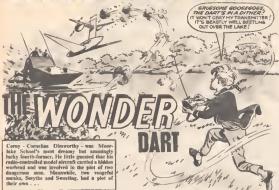
THE North Pole is certainly not the coldest place on earth. In fact, in the summer, the temperature is nearly below freezing point. A few years ago, a temperature was recorded on an ice floe near the North Pole which was only 2 degrees colder than that in England at the same time! The coldest place in the world is the Siberian town of Oymyakon. 100 degrees of frost have been recorded there, and water thrown from a bucket will freeze before it hits the ground!

Although the paper that EAGLE is printed on is made from wood-pulp, paper has been made from papyrus, hays, nettles, asbestos, linen rags and even metal!

The red-winged starlings of South Africa often get drunk! It's their passion for Syringa berries that causes their downfall. The berries contain a powerful drug. The woodpecker, too, gets a bit tipsy from the effects of the sap in a maple tree.



CORNELIUS DIMWORTHY wins a reward with . . .

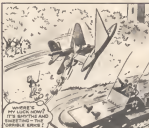


THE WONDER DART

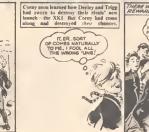
Corny - Cornelius Dimworthy - was Moonlake School's most dreamy but amazingly lucky fourth-former. He little guessed that his radio-controlled model aircraft carried a hidden weapon and was involved in the plot of two dangerous men. Meanwhile, two youthful monks, Smythe and Sweeting, had a plot of their own . . .



SMYTHE AND SWEETING HAD THEIR OWN PLAN...



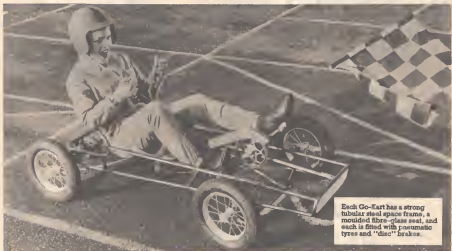
THE MEN FROM THE SPEEDBOAT ARRIVED...



MONKEY-BUSINESS AFOOT IN CORNY'S HILARIOUS NEW ADVENTURE STARTING NEXT WEEK!

*if you're
under
fifteen...*

YOU CAN WIN A £30 LUXURY-MODEL PEDAL GO-KART!



Each Go-Kart has a strong tubular steel space frame, a moulded fibre-glass seat, and each is fitted with pneumatic tyres and "disc" brakes.

KELLOGG'S ARE GIVING **100** PEDAL GO-KARTS IN A FABULOUS NEW FROSTIES COMPETITION...



WHAT YOU DO:

Get a Pirate Treasure packet of Frosties, either size, and follow the instructions. That's all. Rules, entry form and address are all on the packet, and any-one under 15 can enter.



BLACKBOW

In his secret identity of Blackbow, Doctor Jim Barnaby agrees to prevent the destruction of Powder Creek town. He tried to keep back the furious warriors of a 'lost' tribe of Nahuan Indians who used a vast 'burning glass' as an engine of war. Suddenly, there was a terrible storm...



DOWN!
LIGHTNING DESTROYS
THE GREAT BURNING
GLASS!



Blackbow saved his
country

I AM NO ENEMY—BUT YOUR BROTHER!
RETURN TO YOUR SECRET VALLEY IN
PEACE. WITHOUT THE GLASS, YOU
CANNOT BEAT
PALEFACE GUNS!

HEAR—
BLACKBOW!
OBEY!

As the Nahuas marched off...



O BLACKBOW,
THIS MEANS THAT
THE PALEFACES FROM
THE GOLD CAMP WILL
DISCOVER US AND
PEOPLE WILL NO
LONGER BE
SAFE!

HE SPEAKS
TRULY, YET
WHAT CAN I SAY?

Shells cut by Powder Creek's
inhabitants threatened the
sanctuary where the descendants
of the Nahuas and Cosequindores
had lived for generations.
For no other reason would this
lost tribe have used the burning
glass for war...

The body of two great men crumpled together beneath
them in the raging storm found out...



LIGHTNING HAS SPLIT
THE SKY! OPEN
THE GOLD VEIN CRIES
OUT! NO
MORE
GOLD!

THIS
PLACE IS
CURSED!

Later, in Black
bow's approach
the creek



YOU ARE LOADING
UP? WHY?

NO MORE GOLD! A DREAM
FAN OUT ON US. BLACKBOW
HE POOLED OURSELVES
WITH A BLIND
STROKE!

Blackbow returned to a secret place
of his own...



I'D SPIED
UP THE CHEYENNE
THERE IS NO MORE
NEED FOR THE
SACRED WAR BOW
IT IS TIME THAT I
MAY BECOME
DOCTOR JIM
BARNABY AND
RETURN TO
POWDER CREEK
TOWN

THE GREAT
SPIRIT HAS BEEN
GOOD. FLYING STAR. NOW
WILL THE SECRET LOCUS
OF THE NAHAUAD REMAIN
SAFE AND UNDISCOVERED. I
ALONE KNOW OF THE
VALLEY—AND I
WILL FORGET!



BY THE DEATH
OF THE
DEATHS AND
DEATHS
HANGING LIVES...

GLAD TO SEE YOU
BACK, JIM. IT SEEMS
THE ENDING OF
GOLD FEVER
IS CURSED!

FINE! NO
DOCTORING OF
MINE COULD MAKE
THE SPIN
WEALTHIER



A GRIPPING NEW BLACKBOW ADVENTURE BEGINS NEXT WEEK!

CAN YOU CATCH A

CROOK?

THE STOLEN PENDANT

One night, the Maitland Chamber of Commerce held their annual dinner in the banquet room of the luxurious Imperial Hotel. It was a gathering of important townspeople and their wives...

THE PRESIDENT ROSE TO MAKE HIS SPEECH...



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I HAVE BEEN ASKED TO...

SUDDENLY...



SOME IDIOT'S TURNED OFF THE LIGHTS!

WHERE'S THE SWITCH? - THE LIGHTS!

WHEN THE LIGHTS CAME ON...



MY EMERALD PENDANT - IT'S GONE! SOMEBODY BEHIND ME TOOK IT FROM MY NECK!

NOBODY MUST LEAVE THE ROOM! ASKIE-CALL THE POLICE!

SCURRY AND FURRY ANYBODY...



NOBODY HAS LEFT THE ROOM SINCE IT HAPPENED, NOT EVEN THE WAITERS. I TOOK THAT PRECAUTION.

VERY SENSIBLE OF YOU, SIR.



TELL ME EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED, MADAM.

I'D JUST PUT MY COFFEE-CUP DOWN WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT AND SOMEONE SNATCHED THE PENDANT FROM MY NECK!

BRUCE WAS PUZZLED...



WHAT THAT WOMAN SAID DOESN'T MAKE SENSE, BILL.

I THINK ONE OF THE WAITERS DID IT, DAVE, AND THE LIGHT SWITCHES ARE CLOSE TO THE TABLE.



AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO ASK YOUR CONSENT TO SEARCH YOU.

What was worrying Bruce, and why did Prior suggest what?

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. WE UNDERSTAND, GO AHEAD.



BUT THE SEARCH PROVED FRUITLESS...

SO THAT LETS THE WAITERS OUT - UNLESS THEY PLANTED THE PENDANT SOMEWHERE IN THE ROOM.

I THINK I KNOW WHERE IT IS, BILL - AND WHO PULLED THE JOB. WATCH THAT MAN!



You'll have to look clearly here. The clue to the problem is two french bars.

WE'LL FOLLOW HIM, BILL - BUT DON'T LET HIM SEE US.



I'LL TAKE THAT, CHIEF. THE IDEA WAS GOOD - BUT THE EXECUTION WAS SLIPSHOD!

BUT I THOUGHT I HAD IT ALL WORKED OUT! YOU WIM, MATE!



DID YOU CATCH THE CROOK? CHECK BELOW:-

- 1 The woman said Bruce the last time he saw her was when the lights went out. Probably the last time she saw it. Yet the man was looking at it. (something had been put in the room)
- 2 Everything started into place when the man put his eye on the french bar. The detective saw the man at the door of the waiter's absence. (something had been put in the room) The man had been looking at the french bar. (something had been put in the room) The man had been looking at the french bar. (something had been put in the room)

Next Week: THE DOUBLE-CROSSERS!

Boys and masters complained about the quality of the meals when the school cook left and no one could be found to replace her. Meanwhile, Jennings was in trouble with Mr. Wilkins when villagers from Livbury invaded the school to attend a jumble sale which he had organized...

CHAPTER 19

It's an Ill Wind...

JENNINGS kept his fingers crossed as he made his way along the corridor to where Mr. Wilkins was rumormongering like a volcano about to blow its top.

"Sir, please, sir, I'm terribly sorry about what happened," he began, hoping to blunt the edge of the master's wrath with a well-timed apology.

"Sorry? So I should think," roared Mr. Wilkins. "It's entirely due to your own stupidity that the routine of the school has been upset in this deplorable manner."

"Oh, but, sir, I never meant..."

"Never mind what you meant. It's what happened that I'm concerned about. Never in all my life have I had such an embarrassing situation to deal with, and I intend to punish the pair of you very severely indeed."

The culprit shifted uncomfortably from foot to foot and said nothing.

"First of all, you'll clear all that rubbish out of the gym and stack it in the kitchen yard for the dustman," Mr. Wilkins went on. "When you've finished, you'll come and report to me in the staff room and I shall decide what your punishment is going to be."

"Yes, sir."

With sinking hearts, Jennings and Darbshire returned to their emporium to wind up their business affairs while Mr. Wilkins went off to the staff room hoping

Mr. Carter looked up from his nap. "So that advertisement in the local paper was worth while after all?"

"Oh, no! She didn't come because of that. She didn't even know about it," Matron explained. "She came because of the jumble sale."

A disgruntled snarl broke from the duty-master's lips. "Don't talk to me about jumble sales! That boy Jennings - and Darbshire, too, are going to find themselves in very serious trouble over that. I intend to punish the pair of them in a way they won't forget."

PICTURE OF WOE

Matron looked at him in concern. "Oh, but you can't, Mr. Wilkins! It's entirely due to their jumble sale that we've found someone to take charge of the cooking."

"Yes, I dare say, but..."

"Now, for staff supper tonight, we're going to start off with onion soup, followed by roast chicken with bread sauce and three sorts of vegetables, and after that..." Matron broke off, aware that Mr. Wilkins was looking at her with the rapt expression of a starving Alpine traveller welcoming a Saint Bernard dog.

"What was that? Roast chicken, did you say?" he echoed.

"Yes, thanks to Jennings' jumble sale."

The boys hopefully twiddled the controls of the old-fashioned crystal set



"But - but I don't understand, sir," Jennings stammered. "Aren't you going to punish us for - for what we did?"

"I don't think so, Jennings. I think we'll forget the punishment this time and say no more about it."

The door closed behind Mr. Wilkins, leaving the two boys gazing at each other in puzzled wonder.

"Well, what do you know?" Jennings murmured, shaking his head in a dazed fashion. "Did you ever hear anything like it?"

"I reckon Sir must have gone stark, raving bonkers," Darbshire declared. "First, he tells us we've committed the worst crime in history and then he turns round and says what a good idea it was!"

"That's just like masters," Jennings said as they made their way upstairs to the classroom. "You can take it from me, Darb, when you're grown-up you can get away with anything."

In the classroom, they found Venables and Temple fiddling with the controls of an old-fashioned radio set while Atkinson, wearing a pair of ill-fitting overalls, was trying to uncoil a cat's cradle of tangled wire.

"Look what we salvaged from the jumble," Venables greeted them excitedly. "We found it at the bottom of one of the boxes full of old women's hats and things. Fabulous, isn't it?"

Darbshire peered doubtfully at the broken terminals and wobbling knobs. "Looks like William the Conqueror's well-oiled talkie at the Battle of Hastings."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 17



to match a few masses' rest in a comfortable armchair.

Upon arriving, he found Matron and Mr. Carter drinking tea together and looking unusually cheerful.

"Wonderful news, Mr. Wilkins!" Matron called out as he entered. "What do you think? We've got a new cook."

"Really?" For the past hour Mr. Wilkins had been so preoccupied with his own worries that he had not even given a thought to Matron's concerns about the catering. Now, as the spoke, he remembered her rushing panic-stricken to the kitchen to forestall one of the intruders who had been heading in that direction.

DISGRUNTLED SNOT

"It was lucky I did, too," she went on. "Because she turned out to be an experienced cook who's staying with her own women that he had not even given a thought to Matron's concerns about the catering. Now, as the spoke, he remembered her rushing panic-stricken to the kitchen to forestall one of the intruders who had been heading in that direction."

If it wasn't for that, we'd still be managing on tinned and beetroot."

There was a short silence. Then Mr. Wilkins said: "If only I see your point, Matron. Perhaps this afternoon's luncheon was worth it after all." He beamed contentedly. "Roast chicken, eh? Well, well! I can't think of anything I'd like better."

It was half an hour later when Mr. Wilkins was alone in the staff room with his dreams of roast chicken that a gentle knock sounded on the door.

On the threshold stood Jennings and Darbshire looking the picture of woe. They had finished trying the gymnasium, and all that now remained of their jumble sale was a sorry-looking mound of rubbish beside the dustman's cart in the kitchen yard. The house-coller, green with midday, lay on top of the pile like a funeral-wreath mourning their ill-fated efforts.

"Please, sir, you told us to report to you," Jennings's nose was rubbed almost to a whither. "We're terribly sorry about what happened and we promise to behave better in future." His and Darb-

shire had composed the speech on the way to the staff-room and rehearsed it outside the door. "We - er - know it was our fault and we won't let it happen again, honestly, sir."

He paused; and both boys braced themselves to withstand the fifty megaton explosion of wrath which was now due. But Mr. Wilkins, mollified by the prospect of roast chicken, beamed down indulgently at the henchmen whose misguided efforts had helped to make the feast possible.

TOP-SECRET IDEA

"Firm. Yes, I see what you mean," he said in kindly tones. "Of course, I've no objection to jumble sales in the ordinary way. In some cases, such as the one organized this afternoon, the results can be worth while."

They stared at him in bewilderment. Had Mr. Wilkins taken leave of his senses? Had the strain of coping with the villagers' invasion unshipped his mind?

THE IRON MAN



The evil Doctor Fear had planned an atom bomb inside the body of the wonderful all-steel robot known the world over as the **IRON MAN**. This robot with the appearance of a human had captured Doctor Fear, but didn't yet know about the terrible bomb ticking away inside him. In the London-based plane, Fear pulled a gun on the **IRON MAN**...

LOOK OUT, IRON MAN! HE'S GOING TO SHOOT AT YOU!

HIGH ABOVE THE SEA, THE MASTER CAPTAIN MADE A DECISION HE HAD TO RESCUE JUSTICE...

BUT IN HIS FEAR, DOCTOR FEAR HAD FORGOTTEN THAT BULLETS COULDN'T HURT THE IRON MAN...



THE BULLETS BOUNCED OFF HIM!

BUT NEXT INSTANT...



SHE'S COME INTO A DIVE! I CAN'T PULL HER OUT!

THAT ROCKET MUST HAVE JAMMED THE HYDRAULIC SYSTEM!



I CAN'T RESCUE HER! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH INTO THE SEA!

LET ME GET AT THE CONTROLS!

THE STRENGTH OF A HUNDRED MEN WILL BRING ME INTO PLAY!



HE SHAFED THE JAM WITH ONLY ONE HAND!

BUT IT'S TOO DANGEROUS TO KEEP ME IN THE AIR! THERE'S AN ISLAND DOWN THERE. SO BRACE YOURSELVES! I'M GOING TO TRY A CRASH-LANDING!



THE STEERING'S GONE! ALTOGETHER NOW! LUCKY FOR US THIS ISLAND WAS DIRECTLY BELOW!

ONLY ONE PERSON HAD BEEN SLIGHTLY HURT—OUR FEAR!

WE'RE TRYING TO RAISE THE MAINLAND ON THE EMERGENCY BARGE, BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR GUNMAN, FRIEND?

HE WAS THROWN ACROSS THE CABIN WHEN WE CRASH-LANDED. HE'S OK, ALTHOUGH HE'LL BE OUT OF COMA FOR SOME TIME.

THE PASSENGER AND OUR FEAR REMAINED CONSCIOUSLY.

THERE SHOULD BE A BOAT COMING FOR US ANY TIME NOW. IT'S THREE HOURS SINCE WE PUT OUT OUR DISTRESS CALL.

THREE HOURS!



HIS FACE CONVULSED WITH FEAR. THE EVIL SCIENTIST SCRAMBLED FORWARD AND AHEAD...

THE BOMB WILL GO OFF AT ANY SECOND!

NO USE RUNNING, FEAR. THERE'S NOWHERE FOR YOU TO GO HERE!

A DEEP CRASH WAS HEARD AT OUR FEET'S FEET.

YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR YOUR CRUEL DOCTOR FEAR! THERE'S NO ESCAPING FROM JUSTICE NOW!

NO! NO! GET BACK! GET BACK! GET BACK! GET BACK!

DESPERATELY, HE LEAPT...



STOP! YOU FOOL! DON'T TRY IT!

HEROS

the SPARTAN

In the gold-sand of Libya, Heros was hounded out when the slaves revolted - led by a Briton, Carthac - and slaughtered their oppressors. Heros was attacked by a slave after the battle...

HEROS BREAKS IN SILENCE

AND WE WILL GET THEM, ROMAN...

THERE IS ENOUGH GOLD IN THIS ACCURSED MINE TO BUY A FLEET OF GALLEYS! IT IS OURS FOR THE TAKING!

GARTHAC IS RIGHT! TO HONOUR SPARTANUS - WE'LL HAVE SLAVES WITH ROMAN WEALTH!

Sign on by Yarn, the slaves marked nobility... WE ARE READY, GARTHAC! HE HAS FELLOWS FIFTY BASKETS AND TAKEN AS MUCH FOOD AND WATER AS WE CAN CARRY!

THEN BURN THE REST TO THE GROUND! DESTROY EVERY LAST TRACE OF THE COUNTRY OF ROME!

ANHEEE!

Although tough, the slaves were soon stumbling in the terrible heat...

All men, they bring themselves down to evil...

THE ROMAN HATCHES US, STEP FOR STEP! HE HAS STRENGTH AS WELL AS MERCY...

THE EVIL IS UPON US! LOOK - IT IS COMING FROM THE SKY!

WHAT? WHAT IS IT? THE VERY EARTH SEEMS TO SHAKE!

THE SLAVES GAZED AT THE SLIGHT BUT WERE THEIR TERRIFIED EYES...

A-A LINE OF HORSEMEN - RIDING FROM THE SKY!

THE HEAVENS SHAKE WITH THEIR THUNDER! THE THUNDER OF HORSES THAT REAR UPON NOTHING!

THE STRANGE LIGHT REVEALS CLOSER THROUGH THE DIMMING AIR...

THIS IS A TERRIFYING THING! THE SLAVES ARE LIVING, I SAY!

BY THE GODS! ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND, GARTHAC?

THIS MAN DESERVES TO DIE! HE IS A ROMAN!

PERSHAPS! BUT HE IS NOT LIKE THE OTHERS! WHEN WE FOUGHT IN THE COMPOUND, HE ANSWERED MY HATRED WITH MERCY...

SENATORS WHO ARE GOING TO LEAD US ACROSS THE DESERT? WE HAVE BEEN HERE SO LONG, WE HAVE FORGOTTEN THE TRIALS! BUT THIS MAN KNOWS THEM.

THE SLAVES RUN OFF THEIR MARCHES. AND THEN...

LEAD THE WAY, ROMAN! - AND NOT THINK OF IT! HAVE LEFT BEHIND, YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN IN THE DESERT!

WELL, HEROS, DO YOU CHOOSE TO DIE IN THE FLAMES - OR WILL YOU LEAD US ACROSS THE DESERT?

WE'LL TAKE YOU WITH US NOW AS LONG AS A ROMAN ALIVE. YOU MAY NOT RUN FOR THIS CRIME AGAINST CAESAR!

BY TALARUS! THE HEAT GROWS WORSE! NOT EVEN IN THE MINE DO WE SUFFER SO MUCH AS THIS!

THE BIRDS OF PREY APPROACH ON THE WIND! IT IS AN OMEN - AN OMEN OF EVIL!

WE ARE FREE, ROMAN! WE CANNOT EVEN FEEL THE HEAT BY THE TIME YOUR FRIENDS FIND WHAT IS LEFT OF THE MINE. IT WILL BE TOO LATE TO STOP US!

THEY ARE PHANTOMS OF THE DOORS OF DEATH!

THE ROMAN GODS HAVE CURSED US! WE ARE DOOMED.

THE STRANGE LIGHT REVEALS CLOSER THROUGH THE DIMMING AIR...

NEXT WEEK: The slaves close their ranks!

merry go round

Paul Heywood
wins this week's
prize Sheaffer de
luxa pen for the
best hand-writ-
ten letter. Write
to me and see if
you can win one.

PIPE PROBLEM

Dear Editor,
I have always been told by my teachers that Sir Walter Raleigh introduced tobacco to this country, but reading a book recently, I found that it was Sir John Hawkins.
Sir Walter Raleigh was only responsible for making tobacco popular.
Paul A. Heywood (12),
Barnon-under-Needwood, Staffs.

PRACTICAL JOKE

Dear Editor,
I recently came across a very amusing story. It happened in a Cambridge college. A young undergraduate was trying to do some work in his study, but he could not concentrate because there were some workmen outside his study. So he decided to play a trick on them.
He rang up the police and told them that there were some undergraduates dressed up as workmen causing a disturbance outside his room. Then he rushed out to the workmen and told them that some undergraduates would soon be coming along dressed up as policemen to try and move them along. I can imagine what happened when they met...
Andrew Stratton,
Trumpington, Cambridge



DUTCH TREAT

Dear Editor,
My father works in Holland and we all hope to move out there soon. In November, my younger brother and I went to visit him and went shopping in The Hague. As it was rather cold, my brother and I wore slacks and anoraks. In one large store called 'De Cienkov' (The Beehive, I think) we left our anorak hoods down and wandered round the store. As we wandered round, various shop assistants put lollipops and sweets in our hoods. Later, our father explained that in Holland, Christmas is celebrated on December the 26th. And so this was Christmas week.
When we arrived at the home of the people with whom we were staying, they

told us that Saint Nicholas and his helper, Black Peter, had been and left us a chocolate initial each. We were rather disappointed at receiving them, but we look forward to seeing them at the same time next year.

Melanie Potter (11), Manchester.

PUNCTUATION

Dear Editor,
Here is another quotation to be punctuated correctly!
Every lady of the land,
Has ten fingers on each hand,
Five and twenty on hands and feet,
This is true without deceit.
It should be:
Every lady of the land has ten fingers.
On each hand five,
And twenty on hands and feet.
This is true without deceit.

Christopher Moss, East Molesey,
Surrey.

SOLDIER'S SALUTE

Dear Editor,
Have you ever wondered what the origin of a soldier's salute was? The answer is that, in the old days, knights used to have their visors down very often. So when they wanted to recognize a fellow knight, they raised their visor with the right hand. The modern soldier does just that, but without the visor.
David Cluskey-Smith,
Upper Deal, Kent

GALS IN CARS

Bigger message on the road,
She signals in her own sweet code.
Points to the left - turns to the right.
Then swears that you are impolite.
While you're thinking 'I could thump her',
She nearly slices off your bumper.
To her the red light signals 'go',
The green conversely tells her 'Whoa'
She argues with the traffic cop.
Whose very look would make you hop.
No wonder men are crying Mars
To get away from Gals in Cars
Robert Kane, Eastbourne,
Sussex.



OLD FARTHING

Dear Editor,
I also save old English coins and I have recently found a Dux Farthing that in dated 1609. Such farthings were used in the 16th and 17th centuries by farmers who used them as special currency for selling farm-produce. This coin is very thin, and I found it while digging in an allotment.

Bowen Cory, Gorleston-on-Sea,
Norfolk.

THE STUBBORN BUDGE

Dear Editor,
Our stubborn budge would not come out of its cage. Then, when my brother was in bed ill, it did the funniest thing. The budge opened its cage by itself, went through an open door into my brother's bedroom, and perched on his head!

Timothy Coleman (11),
Harratop, Yorkshire.

WIRELESS HOBBY

Dear Editor,
QSL-card collecting is an unusual hobby, and is carried out by short-wave listeners (S.W.L.). Anyone who owns a short-wave radio can start this hobby. All one has to do is to tune-in to any short-wave radio station, noting the time he heard its transmission, the frequency or wavelength, and how clear the signal was. Then he must send this reception report to the radio-station. If it is correct, he will be sent a QSL-card, which is very much like a picture post-card. I myself have received QSL-cards from Prague, Oslo, Budapest, Baghdad, Moscow, Peking and Montreal.

I Taylor, Slough, Bucks.



A MYSTERIOUS FALL

Dear Editor,
Two men were working on a chimney stack and both fell down. One was covered in soot, the other perfectly clean. Strangely enough, the dirty man didn't wash, but the clean man did.
The answer is
The dirty man looked at the clean man and said to himself - 'I must be clean.'

son." The clean man looked at the dirty man and took it for granted that he was dirty.

Paul Thwaiter, Burnley, Yorkshire.

SALTY REPLY

Dear Editor,
One day a man was walking along a beach when he saw an old fisherman mending nets, so he asked the old man how he made them.
The fisherman's reply was: "You collect a lot of holes together, and tie them together with some rope!"
Nigel Cull, Salisbury, Wiltshire.

LUCKY ESCAPE

Dear Editor,
My sister Louise had got out of her sick bed when she had been convalescing from flu. In doing so she escaped serious injury, for directly after she left the room, there was a terrible crash of breaking glass. We immediately rushed to the bedroom and, to our amazement, found the extra window smashed in pieces.
When we tried to locate the cause, we found a big duck-like bird sitting dazed beneath Louise's bed. We tried to coax him out, but he refused to move. We phoned the newspaper man, who arrived quickly and succeeded in getting him out from underneath the bed. Then we rang up the Dublin Zoo. They managed to get the bird into a cage - it was a Russian 'Muscovy' duck.
He now has a happy home in the Zoo.

A. K. McElaid,
Monkstown, Co. Dublin, Eire

MORE FISHY BUSINESS

Dear Editor,
Some months ago, I made a pond in our garden out of a sink. I put gravel and water weed in the bottom, filled it up with water and put some minnows in it.
One day I discovered that some fish were missing, and I later found out that birds had been sitting on the edge of the pond and picking out the fish.
Gradually the water started drying up and some leaves dropped into the bottom, forming about an inch of leaf mould.
Last week I cleared out my pond and found a live fish in it. I put some more water and gravel in the bottom, filled it up with water, and put the fish, who is now living very happily, back in it.
The strange thing was that he must have been lying in the leaf mould for about three months!

Barry Marshall, Easley, Berks.

GLIDER FLIGHT

Dear Editor,
One Saturday it was fortunate enough to be a flight in an F.A.I. glider at Targwera, near Chichester. I was strapped into my seat next to the pilot, the winch rope was put into place and an R.A.F. truck went racing down the runway.
After a few moments the rope tightened, and soon we were airborne and climbing at an angle of 45 degrees. When we reached 1,000 feet, the pilot disconnected the winch rope and we glided on silently, with the wind whistling through our hair. I could see Chichester and the sea, even the Isle of Wight, down below. My friends were racing about the field like ants. The pilot took us into a left-hand turn and craned slowly. We were losing height, so did another circuit and came down to land.
I can't wait till I go up again.

Nigel Julian (11),
Lassington, Cornwall.

THE PREHISTORIC POODLE



FUNNY GOAL

Dear Editor,

The match between Arsenal and Blackpool in December, 1955 was nearing the end when a whistle sounded on the muddy ground. At that moment, the Arsenal right-back, Dennis Evans, had the ball. Evans thought the game was over and playfully booted the ball past his own goalkeeper into the net. There another whistle blew and the referee pointed to the centre and indicated a goal. The first blist was from a spectator.

Nigel Jones, Old Trafford, Manchester.



HELP!
An Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotsman were ship-wrecked on a raft. They were nearly at the end of their tether. The Irishman knelt down and prayed. The Englishman took off his hat as a mark of respect. The Scotsman promptly jumped overboard - he thought there was going to be a collection!
Edmondus Lutter,
Beare Green, Nr. Dorking, Surrey

KEEP IT DARK

Dear Editor,

I asked my father what he would like me to buy him as a birthday present. He said he would like a rubber torch, and I said I would buy him one.

He immediately replied was "You shouldn't have told me what you were buying. You should have kept it a secret."
John G. Hodson, Mirameter, Shropshire

SORRY!

"Yes," said the young man boastfully, "I am a very good spell-reader."
"Is that case," said the bearded listener, "I beg your pardon..."
Vincent Arnold,
Atherstone, Nr. Manchester

GRUESOME GRAMMAR

Why do teachers rock to hammer, into our minds such things as grammar? The grammar and the poetry book, Do not enter a second look. Since nouns, clauses, moods and tenses, Make us almost lose our senses, And lambs, Dactyls, all of those, Are not required for reading prose. A teacher standing at the board Seems to be some human board, Of wondrous intellectual treasure. Far beyond all human measure. This impression I have gained, Because my mind is so very stained, And to its very limits go, The little grammar that I know. I compliment all those who try, To know what's right: "Me" or "I".
David McVicar,
Stirlingshire, Scotland.

MUM: "Jimmy, run round next-door and ask how old Mr Smith is this morning."

JIMMY (after coming back): "He told me to send my own business."

MUM: "Why? Whatever did you say?"

JIMMY: "I told him that my mum wanted to know how old he was this morning, as you asked me to!"
R. A. Knightbridge, Aldbourne, Wilts



FROM: KENNETH LUNA, LIVERPOOL 22.

MORAL STORY

There was once a French Count who, during World War II, was being threatened by the Germans. The Count knew where some British soldiers were but he would not tell the enemy. The Germans held a hatchet over his head and, as he would not tell, they were going to cut his head off. The hatchet fell and, just before it hit him, he said: "All right, I'll tell you." But it was too late. The Germans cut off his head and so did not get some valuable information. Moral: Don't hatchet your counts before they chicken.
D. Woodcock, Bramhall, Cheshire.

WAITING FOR WHAT?

A man was standing waiting a butterfly net in the air when his friend came up. Friend: "What are you doing?" Man: "Catching doublers." Friend: "What are doublers?" Man: "I don't know, I haven't caught any yet."

Derek Ferguson
New Kensington, Yorks.

WISH GRANTED

Dear Editor,

On my birthday, I came across a wishing-well, and I decided to have a wish. I threw my shilling in it, but it bounced off a statue in the middle, and landed at the feet of a small boy who was standing by the well. He snatched up the shilling and ran off crying: "I've got threepence more than I asked for!"
Hugh Smith, Cardiff

WIN 10/-

If your letter, joke, pun, riddle or cartoon idea is published in this page, you'll win a prize of 10/- to get out your pen and write to me at the following address:

EAGLE BOYS' WORLD,
44 Long Acre, London, W.C.3.

The capital underneath it is enclosed in your entry. Remember, it must be your own effort!

NAME: _____
ADDRESS: _____
CITY: _____
COUNTRY: _____

THE GUINEA-PIG

Mike Lane was the chief "torture-master" for Professor Doo. He was turned into a primitive man by the Professor's process, and put in a tank with other "primitive" men. But, suddenly, the other men attacked him...



ARE! THE MACHINE IS COMING ON US ALL!

LET US FINISH THE WORK ON THIS DEHON THAT HISSING HISSAN!

THE OTHER SAVAGES, LIKE MIKE, HAD OTHER BRUTAL HUMAN GUINEA-PIG. THEY CRIED IN ON HIM CUNNINGLY...

WE HOLD HIS ANIM! CRYING FOR ARE THROAT!



OH NO-YEA-DOH!

AT THAT MOMENT, THE PROFESSOR ARRIVED OUTSIDE THE TANK, WITH HIM WERE HISSING, LATELY A SAVAGE, BUT NOW RESTORED INTO A MAN AGAIN.

HISSING, THEY'RE ALL BORN HISSING! WHAT DOES IT MEAN?



THE MADNESS MUST BE ON THEM ALL, JUST AS IT WAS ON ME! THE PIG SAVAGE ILLUSIONS, PROFESSOR—THEY THINK THE MAN THEY'RE ATTACKING IS SOME STRANGE BEAST!



THEN THE ANTIDOTE TO SAVE THEM MUST BE USED NOW! GET THEM ALL OUT OF THE TANK—INCLUDING MIKE LANE!

AT THE ATTENDANTS BURIED INTO THE TANK, MIKE WAS UNDERGOING SAVAGE PUNISHMENT...



WHY TO TAKE THEM OUT CONSCIOUS—PROFESSOR'S CHOICE!

THE CAVE-MEN WERE DRAGGED OFF, ONE BY ONE...



DEMONS—MONSTERS—SO YOU'LL DESTROY ME AS YOU DID HISSING?

THIS SCREAMING BATTLE WILL SOON BE SILENCED! THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND THEY'RE ABOUT TO BECOME MEN AGAIN!

THEN IT WAS MIKE'S TURN! AND AS HIS ANGRY BRAIN SLEEPERLY BRUSHED HEARD WAS ABOUT TO HAPPEN...



THEY'RE GOING TO GIVE US ALL THE ANTIDOTE—AND THE HOT SPARK ILLUSIONS WE—IT DON'T NO TIME...

FOOLS! IF I'M GIVEN THE ANTIDOTE NOW, IT MEANS DEATH!



ADVERTISEMENT: ANNOUNCEMENT



BUILD THIS **LEGO** BOATHOUSE FROM A REAL BLUEPRINT PLAN!

Lego's new Boathouse blueprint is in the shops now—it costs only a penny and it tells you absolutely everything you want to know about making this marvellous boathouse with Lego bricks! You'll have so much fun working from this Lego Blueprint Plan. There's a Windmill Blueprint, too—get it at the same time: ask at your favourite shop. And have twice as much fun!



COURTAULDS GROUP

HAPPY HOLIDAYS



Plan your summer holidays with **EAGLE** and the Y.H.A. this year. In the company of boys or girls of your own age (11 to 15 years old), you will enjoy an inexpensive holiday to the full, whether it is a walking, cycling or 'specialized' one.

Write for our special holiday brochure today. It contains all the information you'll need. Apply to: — Holiday Brochure, **EAGLE**, Home Tours, Y.H.A., Trevelyan House, 8 St Stephen's Hill, St Albans, Herts. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed gummed label for your reply.

ROVING REPORTER



THE TALLEST SKYSCRAPER EVER BUILT—THAT'S THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING IN NEW YORK. BELIEVE ME, UP HERE YOU'RE REALLY ON TOP OF THE WORLD!

Soaring skywards 1,472 feet, the Empire State building is New York's most prominent landmark. It has 102 stories. From its observation tower, you can — on a clear day — see almost 80 miles, a panorama which takes in five American states. In 1961, it was sold for about £22 million — which makes it worth something like £15,000 per foot.



WORK STARTED IN MARCH 1930, AND 14 MONTHS LATER THE BUILDING WAS COMPLETED! BUT — NOT YET READY TO!

The actual construction cost was about £8 million, plus several lives lost in accidents. Building a skyscraper like this is dangerous work. The slightest misjudgement can be fatal at these dizzying heights. The workers have to be calm, cool, and always on the alert. It's certainly no job for the faint!



The history of the Empire State building is not without tragedy. On July 28th, 1945, a B-25 bomber was diving its way across New York. It was right over a busy day and over the city. Visibility was poor.



Ten later, the pilot spotted the danger! With an eye-dazzling crash, the plane crashed into the skyscraper 915 feet above the ground. 14 people were killed and 25 injured.



3000! FOUR POWERFUL BEAMS ON TOP MAKE IT THE TALLEST LIGHTHOUSE IN THE WORLD — VISIBLE FOR ALMOST THREE HUNDRED MILES!



Whenever a storm brews over New York city, the Empire State building becomes prime target for powerful lightning bolts! Who said that lightning never strikes twice in the same place? The Empire State building is often being hit! But without damage, thanks to the lightning conductor rods on top.



AN EVEN MORE STRANGE ELECTRICAL PHENOMENON IS THE APPEARANCE OF SAINT ELMO'S FIRE! ON A STORMY NIGHT YOU CAN PUT YOUR HAND OUT LIKE THIS AND COME UP WITH A COOL BLUE FLAME — WITH STRANGE PHOSPHORESCENCE LEAVING ACROSS YOUR FINGERTIPS!



SKYSCRAPERS CERTAINLY KEEP WINDOW-CLEANERS ON THE GO! ACTUALLY THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING IS BASIC COMPARED TO THE LEVITT HOUSE IN NEW YORK. THIS BUILDING HAS FIVE THOUSAND WINDOWS!

ODD inventions

Bandit Bouncers, Rocket Ruses and Head Heaters

This week's Odd Inventions features two that did work and, of course, two that didn't!

The gentleman with the spring sticking out of his chest is wearing a rather unusual waistcoat. Of Irish origin, it was designed to combat the footpad or robber. When the victim was pressed to hand over his watch and wallet, he would open his coat and press one of the buttons on his waistcoat.

This released a compressed spring

with a hard pad disguised as part of the waistcoat from. Wham! The spring shot forward—and the robber was on his back!

There were snags, of course. Imagine fumbling for money in a crowded bar and releasing it.

Another dodge with a similar intent was a gold watch with a .22 pistol in it. As you handed it to the robber you shot him with it.

Just before the First World War, rocket-powered skates were tried out in London. A pair of black gunpowder rockets were attached to each skate. Progressive acceleration was intended, but all that happened was that the

There was no future for these rocket-powered skates—the inventor landed flat on his back!



This Odd invention was designed to knock footpads for a fall!



inventor, after a smoky start, landed flat on his back with hot feet which would not keep still until the rockets burnt out.

Another man attached larger rockets to a bicycle, hoping to attract custom. After a couple of violent spurts, his trousers caught fire. There is a movie film in existence of this occurrence, by the way. He fled his mount, and an obliging policeman put out the fire. Londoners did not rush to buy his rockets.

Another Odd Invention was devised

by a hot-headed gentleman who wore what might be described as the most sensible of these inventions. His topper, manufactured about 1890, was made mostly of thin metal covered with black ink. Before going out on a cold day, a small amount of glowing coals was heaped through the small hatch to the side. These did not drop on the wearer's head, but rested on a slightly thicker metal plate. Heat then gently radiated in the space between the plate and the head. A modern version powered by small batteries would be a good seller nowadays.

How to keep the head warm — by using coal!



Continued from page 7

JENNINGS, OF COURSE!

he said. "I've never seen a wireless set like that before."

"It's an old crystal set," Temple explained. "No valves, no transmitters, just inside the cat's whiskers and tune in to your favourite programme—if it works, that is," he amended.

"That's what we're trying to find out," said Venables, plugging in one end of a length of wire. "By rights, of course, we ought to rig up the aerial out of doors—but we haven't got time before tea."

He moved away to the far end of the room, plugging out the aerial behind him, while Atkinson connected the carphones to the socket and twiddled the cat's whiskers on the crystal.

"Can you hear anything?" Jennings and Darnthorpe called out expectantly. Atkinson nodded. "Yes, I can."

"What?"

"I can hear you bawling 'Can you hear anything?' For goodness' sake shut up and give me a chance to tune my ears in."

There was silence for a few minutes and then Atkinson's face lit up in surprise.

"Hey! I've got a signal coming through! It's going *Neep-neep*—*Neep-neep*. Must be a satellite!"

"What, on a crystal set?" Temple jeered, but Jennings was only too willing to believe the incredible news.

"Wow! Come over here, Venables! Atkin's picked up a signal from outer space," he shouted excitedly.

Venables grinned and shook his head. "That was me twanging my penknife on the aerial," he said. "I wondered whether it would come through."

Jennings was by no means dismayed by this setback to the experiment, and his eyes glimmered as a bright thought suddenly glided over the surface of his mind.

"I've got an idea," he announced. "If we can make the old gadget work, we can set up a listening post like the Resistance fighters in the war."

The group favoured him with puzzled glances.

"You're bonkers," said Temple. "The *Mojito* and people like that had to do their listening in secret. It would have been all up with them if they'd been caught."

"So it will with us if Old Wilkie catches us," Jennings maintained. "This isn't just a scheme for listening to the wireless in our free time! It's a top-secret, hush-hush listening post—shut up, nattering and I'll tell you all about it..."



Next Week:
OUTDOOR
AERIAL

STAMPS TREASURE TROVE



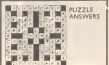
FROM time to time we hear that someone has found a great stamp treasure—a hoard of rare stamps, or a bundle of grandma's old letters all with valuable stamps. It does not happen often, because most people today know the value of old stamps and have long since examined their old letters and sold them to dealers.

But sometimes strange 'finds' of rare and valuable stamps are made. Some years ago the secretary of the Duke of Rutland looked through an old cupboard at the Duke's palace at Oakham. He found under some quilt pads and boxes of tawling was a chest of 48 unused

Penny Black stamps, and also 55 singles and pairs. The stamps were apparently put into the drawer by the Duke's grandfather, who had paid eight shillings for them and might have expected to use them for his letters. When the 'find' was sold at a stamp auction, the Duke's grandson received £4,900.

THE TRAVELLING COAT

An even stranger story concerned some rare stamps which Prince Oldenburg of Russia had sewn into the lining of his coat when he escaped to Sweden in 1917, during the Russian revolution. He forgot all about it and, some years later, he gave the coat to a poor relative, who emigrated to America. This man, after another year, gave the coat to a tailor for some mending. Only when the tailor went to work on it were the stamps found. Some had become a little crumpled during the years they had been hidden between cloth and lining, but most were still in good condition. The prince had died, but his relatives shared the price he finally got for the 'find' with some other relatives—it was many thousands of dollars. Our illustrations show some of these rare stamps which were sold at an auction in New York.



PUZZLE
ANSWERS

MARTIAN TRIANGLES

There are SIXTEEN triangles

INTELLIGENCE TEST

TEAR-AWAY BERT
Fifty-two
Inches.



POP PICK OF THE WEEK

In January, the Righteous Brothers arrived in Britain almost unknown. They had come to make a short promotional trip to launch a disc that was soaring up the U.S. 'hot hundred' called 'You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'. Despite the success they were having with it at home, they felt rather sceptical about their chances here, as Liverpool's golden-girl, Cilla Black, had also recorded the number.

At first, it seemed a 'one-horse race', as the Cilla Black recording galloped into the top twenty, trailing the Righteous Brothers far behind. By the following week, the gap had narrowed, although Cilla was still several shots ahead. But then the Brothers jumped up no fewer than 18 places to reach the No. 1 spot!

Cilla very sportingly sent a cable to the Americans congratulating them on their success.

The Righteous team - they are not really brothers - consists of Bill Medley, a 24-year-old from Los Angeles, California, and Bobby Hatfield, who comes from Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, and who is also 24. Bill is the taller of the two.

They have been together for nearly 25 years, and, in 1963, crashed into the limelight in America with a disc written by Bill called 'Little Little Lupe Lu', which reached No. 1 and sold over a million copies.

If everything goes according to plan, then British pop fans will be able to see the Righteous Brothers when they return to appear on a nationwide tour with the Rolling Stones this month.

THE RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS



Ian Coldbeck, of Hull, wins an E.P. record for this verse. Why don't you have a go at getting a rhyme published? There's an E.P. waiting for you if you succeed!

One is short, the other tall,
With their disc they had a ball.
At number 1 they were the tops,
The best of boys among the pops.
You've lost that lovin' feelin',
The way they sing it's so appealing.
So just watch out, as you others,
And make way for the Righteous Brothers.

HERE & THERE

The very latest for the helmet-police, in Humber. Patrol cars that can drive straight off the road into the water! Their top speed is 75 m.p.h., so they need only 4 m.p.h. to the water.



Look out! It's a monster from Mars - OR IS IT? For the workers at the new Humberston Atomic Power Station here to wear earplugs like this to protect them against radio-activity.



How about this for a quick lift? Police in Rome are using a special mobile crane to remove cars left in no-parking areas. It can lift and carry away a vehicle in less than five minutes.

This dust-sucker holdall has been designed in the shape of a triangle, so that it can also be used as a road sign meaning 'obstruction'.



The American Army recently demonstrated this method of transporting fighter aircraft from bomb-damaged runways, under-coverage of a giant Boeing C-141 transport!



THE DETECTIVE SHIP

IMAGINE that a foreign government is intent upon destroying an important target of ours with an atomic bomb. As the rocket carrying the bomb enters our high-angle radar network, we would fire an anti-missile missile, blowing up the attacker in the upper atmosphere. So to confuse us, the enemy would fire half a dozen decoy rockets along with the real one. How to distinguish between the decoys and the real thing?

This is one of the things American "detective-ships" like the *General H. H. Arnold* are to find out. The basic purpose of these *Advanced Range Missile Ships* is to obtain information about unmanned ballistic missiles, manned space-craft and

the problems of rockets re-entering the earth's atmosphere. So they're certainly kept quite busy. All the data the ships collect will be of enormous use to the designers of radar systems and missiles, and will make the free world's "winking force" far more accurate in poor weather conditions.

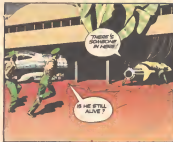
The ships themselves are converted troop ships, 520 feet long, 72 feet wide and with a draft of 25 feet. They carry tremendous amounts of fuel, food and equipment when they set off on a two-month survey, and thus up their weight from 104 thousand tons to just over 14 thousand tons. The high cruising speed is 17½ knots and maximum range is 5,000 miles. The crew totals 200 men.



KEY TO NUMBERED PARTS

- (1) 35-foot-diameter antenna with a vertical scan of 180 degrees and a horizontal scan of a complete 360 degrees.
- (2) "L" and "X" tracker. The "L" section (outside of bowl) and the "X" section (inside), reflect information on different wavelengths.
- (3) The "C" band weapon tracker.
- (4) The main mast, furnished with transmitting aerials, a direction-finding "loop", navigation equipment and various test antennas.
- (5) Navigation and control center. Here, the information received by (1), (2) and (3) is put to use in pin-pointing the ship's position.
- (6) Radio and radio-telephone aerials. These connect the ship with rocket bases on land.
- (7) Warning mast—providing base for heavy-duty derricks.
- (8) Star tracker. By corresponding the positions of stars with radio beacon carefully placed in known positions on the ocean bed, the ship can stop within a hundred yards of any desired spot. In, say, the whole of the Indian Ocean!
- (9) "C" band control room.
- (10) General information-receiving room.
- (11) Huge air-intake for the air-conditioning system. The generators make the ship very hot.
- (12) "X" band transmitter and control room.
- (13) One of the four 80-mm lifeboats on board.
- (14) Funnel designed to clear the smoke from the antennae.
- (15) High-angle tracker for weather and atmospheric data.
- (16) Below-deck flight deck.
- (17) Air mooring deck.
- (18) Weather rockets which will return data on weather conditions 250,000 feet up!
- (19) Engine room. Two turbines to one propeller give the ship great reliability. After passing through the turbine blades, the steam is condensed and returned to the boiler for re-use.
- (20) Operations control center.
- (21) "L" band transmitter and control room.
- (22) Diesel engines for generators. All that equipment on board the ship gets its electricity at the main mast in a medium-size crane!
- (23) Known as the "400 Cycle" room. All the instruments and recording gear is linked and synchronized to this room.
- (24) Calibration laboratory. Instruments in this room continuously check that the antennae, etc., are working properly.
- (25) Central computer laboratory.
- (26) Photo library. Micro pictures are kept here—"just for the records".
- (27) Crew's accommodation.

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Next Week: THE TRITONS ATTACK!

Eagle and Boys' World - Vol.16 No.12 12th March 1965

This scene was featured in the movie 'Dr. Who & The Daleks'



In the opening scene, the camera panned the Doctor's living room and we see Brian reading 'FIFTYFIVE for the Inquiring Mind!' then Richard reading 'The Summer of Summer', and finally Peter Cushing's Dr. Who reading the copy of Eagle!



As he lowers the cover, we see that he has been reading 'Horns The Spotted' from the centre pages



Finally we see him reading the front pages, 12 and 13, before his camera.



The movie was recorded during March and April 1963 and premiered in the UK on 24th June of the same year. This issue would have been on sale from the 17th to the 23rd of March and presumably it was bought specially for this scene, so this scene could well have been recorded while this issue was still on the news-stands.

It does seem strange that a copy of TV Century 21 was not used instead though, especially with the superb Chalky Chasins on the magazine as it would be the point of sale!



Although it was probably purposeful, as how could Dr. Who in the movie not have known about the Daleks if he had been seen reading a comic with them on?